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It Is As the Spirit Moves Us

Mrs. A. B. Sims, a leader of the purity party and ex-champion whist player of Des Moines, has started a crusade against cards. She says: "Cards lead men and women to destruction, and bring misery to the players. Gambling is replacing the family altar. Women should be at something better and more practical."
The vast majority of women who don't care to play cards will say that Mrs. Sims is right. There are women who get the gambling spirit from card playing, particularly that infamous game called "bridge whist," which was clearly invented by satan so that a fellow would have to have his neighbor's wife as partner and learn to hate his neighbor, his neighbor's wife, his hired girl, his ox and his ass and all that are his, down to his watchdog.

There are, no doubt, women bridge enthusiasts or slaves who would set fire to the family altar if it interfered with their regularly slamming their best trump down on their partner's ace.

Unquestionably, some women become addicted to gambling through cards and go down to misery's lowest depths.

But it is fact that the vast majority of women who play cards don't become gamblers, don't burn any domestic altars, don't go to the devil in any way, and do find mental exercise, relaxation and benefit in the diversion.

What is the life of the woman of the average social position? Domestic cares all day long, under high nervous tension. Tired in mind and body when evening comes, too tired to go to a theater or a lecture, or to resort to reading or study. Practical things? Heavens! She's had a whole day of them, and she wants a change. In a congenial party, with the excitement of cards, a game in which men and women can participate, she finds mental change and relaxation. We faint must call it relaxation, though often, often doth it strike us as complete coma. Anyhow, she forgets her troubles and labors because of the entertainment.

But, why continue? All argument as to card playing, like most other possible evils, finally comes back to the matter of going to excess in it. You can make the Jack of Spades the very devil in evil effect, if you go far enough, or you can make him a decent, wholly lovable citizen, when spades is trumps.

Mann Doing Better

People who have recently attended sessions of the police court report a big change in the attitude of Judge Mann toward the police. They say that Judge Mann has cut loose from Sullivan and that he is handling cases regardless of what the police think.

If Judge Mann maintains this independent attitude toward the efforts of the police to dominate his court he will gain a large measure of public good will.

Until there is a new head of the police department there will be no appreciable change for the better in police methods. But the justice of the police court can do a great deal toward remedying injustices attempted by the police in the arrest of citizens, and in that way can act as a safety valve until better conditions are invoked in the police department.

PENCIL POINTS

"Stir a little love into everything you cook," says Mrs. Mary Chapin, Boston "new thought" woman. Whew! our turnips just reek with tobacco already.

Pencil points: "How should a fat woman be belted this season? The style seems to run to narrow straps."—Mrs. M. Bon Pointe. Oh, just use a washboard, ironing board or the top of the bridge table.

Happy greeting! But if your wife paid two prices for the children's shoes, remember it's due to a "local reflection" of the Payne-Aldrich tariff, for which the leather trust is awful sorry.

An eastern muckraker has found that grand operas are based on murders, suicides and such. Maybe that's why our western grand operas arouse that yearning to kill something.

That unidentifiable man who is lost in London can't be California's Bill Herrin, can he? If he is, they'd better put some identification marks on London.

French designers are putting out hats with heads three inches across. Ach! why not arm 'em with razors and be done with it?

Rockefeller says he "likes the earth too well to fly." You don't catch old John dropping anything to plunge into the water, or air either, after the shadow of a bone.

Automobile makers expect to turn out 200,000 machines in 1911. And your real slick politician is the one who runs for recorder of mortgages this season.

"When I get footloose, I'll—" says Ballinger. Who's a-holding of you, Dick?

An Association of Innocent Bystanders Surviving the Vanderbilt Cup Races would be apropos.

Grasshoppers are eating Wisconsin's tobacco crop. Nobody'll holler if you smoke grasshoppers instead of those infernal cigars, however.

Fashion says that when they swear in King George, next spring, "coronation velvet," worn next the skin, will be the thing. Anything to make it more comfortable for those blaméd Pacific coast felas, is the cry that comes from the San Diego Sun man.

Affinity's letter in Gough divorce case at Portland: "I love you with all my might, best, most, longest, deepest, strongest, hardest, most devotedly, all the time." When you want real wealth of romance and horsepower, Portland's the place.

NO LATITUDE.

An Irish school inspector was examining a class in geography. He had propounded a question regarding longitude and received a correct answer from the lad undergoing the ordeal.

"And now," he said, "what is latitude?"

After a brief silence a bright youngster, with a merry twinkle in his eye, said:

"Please, sir, we have no latitude in Ireland. Rather says the British government won't allow us any."

VERY DECIDED.
"She's a decided brunette, they tell me," says the person who has not yet met the lady under discussion.

"Yes, indeed," answers the other. "And the peculiar part of it is that she decided only a month ago that she would be a brunette."

IRISH-AMERICANS LEAD.

The Irish-American Athletic club of New York won the junior meet of the A. A. U. at New Orleans yesterday, winning eight firsts, and rolling up a score of 51 points. The Chicago Athletic association took second with only 17 points.

Outbursts of Everett True!

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP I LAY ME DOWN-N-N-N-N IN PEACE TO SLEE-EE-EEP



HURRY OVER TO EVERETT TRUE'S RESIDENCE—MAN HURT!!



THE DANGER TRAIL
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JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(Continued.)
The short northern day was nearing an end when once more they saw the broad Saskatchewan twisting through a plain below them, and on its southern shore the few log buildings of Le Pas hemmed in on three sides by the black forests of balsam and spruce. Lights were burning in the cabins and in the Hudson Bay post's store when the car was brought to a half half a hundred paces from a squat, log-built structure, which was more brilliantly illuminated than any of the others.

"That's the hotel," said one of the men. "Gregson's there."
A tall, fur-clad figure hurried forth to meet Howland as he walked briskly across the open. It was Gregson. As the two men gripped hands the young engineer stared at the other in astonishment. This was not the Gregson he had known in the Chicago office, round-faced, full of life, as active as a cricket.

"Never so glad to see any one in my life, Howland!" he cried, shaking the other's hand again and again. "Another month and I'd be dead. Isn't this a hell of a country?"

"I'm falling more in love with it at every breath, Gregson. What's the matter? Have you been sick?" Gregson laughed as they turned toward the lighted building. It was a short, nervous laugh, and with it he gave a curious sidewise glance at his companion's face.

"Sick—yes, sick of the job! If the old man hadn't sent us relief Thorne and I would have thrown up the whole thing in another four weeks. I'll warrant you'll get your everlasting fill of log shanties and half-breeds and moose meat and this infernal snow and ice before spring comes. But I don't want to discourage you."
"Can't discourage me!" laughed Howland cheerfully. "You know I never cared much for theaters and girls," he added slyly, giving Gregson a good-natured nudge. "How about 'em up here?"
"Nothing—not a cursed thing." Suddenly his eyes lighted up. "By George, Howland, but I did see the one today! I'd give a box of pure Havanas—and we haven't had one for a month!—if I could know who she is!"

"They had entered through the low door of the log boarding-house and Gregson was throwing off his heavy coat."
"A tall girl, with a fur hat and muffs?" queried Howland eagerly.
"Nothing of the sort. She was a typical Northerner if there ever was one—straight as a birch, dressed in fur cap and coat, short caribou skirt and moccasins, and with a braid hanging down her back as long as my arm. Lord, but she was pretty!"
"Isn't there a girl somewhere up around our camp named Meleese?" asked Howland casually.
"Never heard of her," said Gregson.

NOTHING TO FEAR



Professor—You ought not to let your son idle away his precious youth. You should prepare him to carve his name in the hall of fame.
Rick Mether—Pook, pook, in our position we can afford to hire a sculptor to do that for him.

A DOPE PIEND USUALLY TRIES TO DRAG SOME ONE ELSE DOWN WITH HIM---USUALLY HIS BEST FRIEND

COUNTY JAIL PHYSICIANS TELL ABOUT TERRIBLE HABIT HIGH FEW MEN ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK.

BY MARION LOWE.

Do you know who is the most miserable person on the face of the earth?
A "dope" fiend.
He is a wreck—mind, body and soul.

And there is no hope. "No hope," is the hardest sentence that ever falls on human ears, but it is terribly true in the case of the man or woman addicted to drugs, says Dr. J. T. Mason, physician.

"The will power is completely destroyed," says Dr. Mason. "The victim cannot be cured, and he cannot reform himself. Perhaps if the patient could have constant care, he might be saved, but he couldn't be depended upon. Somebody would have to keep the drug from him.

Experience in Jail.

"It is a pity that there isn't a place where old timers could be sent after they complete their jail sentence. They are picked up as 'vags,' judges send them to jail for six months, and we are just beginning to get them straightened out when their time is up and they are turned into the streets.

"They're soft from good care and no work, and in a little while they are back at old haunts and habits, and the next time they're picked up the judge lets them go a promise of leaving town.

"And thus the life of a dope fiend—a joint, the jail and the street. They're nothing tomh dick street. They're vagabonds, no account, and there's nothing to do but to keep pushing them along until they crawl off somewhere and die.

"They haven't any sense of shame. They'll beg for dope when brought into the jail like a beggar.

son.

"Or a man named Croisset?"

"Never heard of him."

"The deuce, but you're interesting," laughed the young engineer, sniffing at the odors of cooking supper. "I'm as hungry as a bear!"

From outside there came the sharp cracking of a sledge-driver's whip and Gregson went to one of the small windows looking out upon the clearing. In another instant he sprang toward the door, crying out to Howland.

"By the god of love, there she is, old man! Quick, if you want to get a glimpse of her!"

He flung the door open and Howland hurried to his side. There came another crack of the whip, a loud shout, and a sledge drawn by six dogs sped past them into the gathering gloom of the early night.

From Howland's lips, too, there fell a sudden cry; for one of the two faces that were turned toward him for an instant was that of Croisset, and the other—white and staring as he had seen it that first night in Prince Albert—was the face of the beautiful girl who had lured him into the ambush on the Great North Trail!

CHAPTER V.

Howland's Midnight Visitor.

For a moment after the swift passing of the sledge it was on Howland's lips to shout Croisset's name; as he thrust Gregson aside and leaped out into the night he was impelled with a desire to give chase, to overtake in some way the two people who, within the space of 48 hours, had become so mysteriously associated with his own life, and who were now escaping him again.

It was Gregson who recalled him to his senses.

"I thought you did not care for theaters—and girls, Howland," he exclaimed banteringly, repeating Howland's words of a few minutes before. "A pretty face affects you a little differently up here, eh? Well, after you've been in this fag-end of the universe for a month or so you'll learn—"

Howland interrupted him sharply.

"Did you ever see either of them before, Gregson?"

"Never until today. But there's



Three Stages in the Life and Fall of the Dope Fiend, as Dr. Mason Describes It.

on the street. They'll do anything to get it. One man chewed up his vest pocket, where he had kept 'em shee."

Had Been Physician.

"They say they'll die if cut off suddenly from the drug, and they work every game to get it. One prisoner here one night argued with me. He had been a prominent physician before he got the habit. 'I know,' he said, 'that the drug must be discontinued gradually. You're killing me by keeping it from me. You're committing murder. I'm going to die.'"

"No, you're not," I said. "Just before you die I'll give you morphine."

"He didn't die," said the doctor, "and I have never yet had one die from withholding the drug. That physician went out of here weighing 30 pounds more than when he came in. He told me he had wanted to kill me when I refused him the drug, but on leaving he thanked me for it."

Didn't Stay Cured.

"Did he stay cured?"

"No; he soon got back into the habit. They don't want to be cured, their moral nature is gone. One characteristic of dope fiends is that they always want to get somebody else to use the drug, usually their nearest friend.

"Shut up!" growled Howland, betraying irritability for the first time. "Let's go in to supper."

"Good. And I move that we investigate these people while we are smoking our after-supper cigars. It will pass our time away, at least."

"Your taste is good, Gregson," said Howland, recovering his good-humor as they seated themselves at one of the rough board tables in the dining-room. Inwardly he was convinced it would be best to keep to himself the incidents of the past two days and nights. "It was a beautiful face."

(To be continued.)

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